

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. II. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1806. No. 40.

Printed and published by COLE & HEWES, 4 N. Charles-st.

FOR THE EDITOR.

THE SPY.

No. VI.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1806.

(Concluded from page 307.)

O, but man, proud man,
(Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence) like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep

SHAKESPEARE.

However I may have disgraced myself in the eyes of a worthy father or to the world, I have the consolation to know the innate purity of my heart and to attribute all the consequences of my corruption more to the seducing influence of other mens' writings and examples than to my natural propensity to vice rather than virtue. Whilst under the immediate direction of my father, restraints were prudently laid upon my course of study particularly. As soon as the fascinating, but sophistical rhetorick of my associates, had made some impression on my unguarded and indeed unfortified mind, books were put into my hands, which astonished me by the boldness of their doctrines and pleased me by the novelty as well as popularity of their contents. I was old enough to perceive that these profound arguments which in theory appeared to me flattering to human pride, and unanswerable, were actually induced to practice in extensive parts of Europe; and was gradually induced to become an entire convert to these more modern ideas of things as related to political justice and universal happiness.

My father's practice had been to select from his library such books as he considered most requisite at the time for my progress in literature as well as virtue. I was now taught to consider this, as an unauthorised and justifiable tyranny, and to spurn at it accordingly.

To check youthful curiosity was checking one of the strongest impulses of the human heart. Being satisfied as to the truth of this proposition, I procured by stealth and otherwise a great variety of books, which from their immoral tendency were generally prohibited. I did not fear contamination, for virtue and universal good were the objects of my pursuit; but I had heard much of them and would be gratified, curiosity was a divine impulse, which must be obeyed. I was also instructed that the tendency of a book and not its moral was my object, and of the tendency every man (when there was such diversity of opinion) had a right to judge for himself.

To give a strong instance of this necessity, I had in the British dramatic collections read the interesting play of Otway's “Fair Penitent” and though I had been charmed as well as others with the music of the poetry, yet the play appeared to my juvenile understanding intended to discover nothing more than the fatal consequences attending unlawful love. On the contrary some of my logical and learned instructors, had a very different conception of it. They considered it rather as a severe satire upon the institution existing at present in society relative to the female sex, and exhibited the wretched consequences of that mode of thinking by means of which by one false step a woman entirely damns her fame. They considered Calista as a sublime example of a woman of the most glorious qualities struggling against the injustice of mankind.

I now plunged into the vortex of promiscuous reading, without apprehension or regret. Many things I met with however occasionally startled me. My purity of mind had been, as yet considerable; but my head having become at length filled with a thousand notions, stimulating to the passions I became restless and disturbed and was never at ease unless when ruminating on such subjects or carrying them into effect which I was involuntarily hurried

on to do. Conscious of the debauched state of my mind—the common pleasures of domestick and familiar society at my father's became tiresome and disgusting. At times I could not help feeling a little degradation of character; but I consoled myself with the assurance already made, that a young man of true genius will have his period of intoxication—tamelessness in youth was abominable. If there does result any misfortune it is when age does not lop off such exuberances, and when that mixed character is produced, over which humanity weeps; as from a depravity of heart his talents may be employed in deeds of infamy. I looked forward for the best, and determined to leave it to maturity to lop off those redundancies which it might be desirable to get rid of.

The Rubicon being once passed, little or no restraint was laid upon my passions—My heart was corrupted and my nights were passed in taverns and in brothels. It is true the society of my companions was by no means of the vulgar or indifferent kind. Many amongst them were men of real genius, who could delight with their narrative or dazzle by their wit—but led away like myself by a fashionable notion of things, their talents were mostly employed to gild the most immoral and destructive conduct. The fascinating charms of Moore's Poetry were not wanting to give efficacy to our wild and delusive schemes—My father could not, nor was not ignorant of this change in his only child—he shuddered at perceiving the precipice upon which I stood, and his affection prompted him to do all in his power to avert my danger. Both admonition and threats were thrown away upon me. I could not, enlightened as I conceived myself to be, bear restriction—and I plainly told him, that I must judge for myself. I gave him to understand that I could not be influenced by any principle of gratitude towards him, particularly, so as to cause any sacrifice of my own opinions. Gratitude formed no part of either justice or virtue. Unless my father or any man's benevolent conduct to me has public utility for the motive he does not merit my gratitude at all—not even so much as him who tries to take my life because the public weal was to be benefitted. The mere instinct of nature had only actuated my father—he was probably never influenced by any particular motives of benevolence, and I felt but little respect for one who neither understood nor practised the doctrines of the new sect. O my father and revered mother! how often have I seen the tear of sorrow steal down your cheeks! How often have I heard the sigh breathed from your tortured bosoms, occasioned by my conduct.

My behaviour became at length insufferable to all virtu-

ous people, and was crowned by an act which completed my disgrace with my father and hurried my mother to the grave. The lovely Julia, the amiable daughter of my mother's most endeared friend, shed the tear of compassion for my wanderings also—We had been associated from infancy, and a mutual passion which our parents contemplated with pleasure, grew with our growth, until the moment of my corruption produced a species of indifference on my part—Not that my passion for her person was in the least degree diminished, but I had conceived such contemptuous and unconquerable notions of that state—which reason and justice revolt at, that I considered I must either abandon the object of my affection, or adopt some other measure for my gratification.

Beautiful as the morn, beneficent and kind as a ministering angel, accomplished as the most polished of her sex, it was impossible not to love. Marriage I knew would be the bane of that love and to obtain her by any other means I despaired of. The deepest dissimulation and lying might probably promote my views, about which I felt not the smallest repugnance or remorse, and only considered her as so much more unenlightened than myself in not imitating the noble behaviour of Godwin's Mary. When I weighed the matter in my own mind, I flattered myself that the end would justify the means and that if I did use deception it would be merely to second the intention of nature and promote the benefit of the community as well as to take the chances of her conversion when in my power. Without compunction then I commenced a most artful attack upon the honour of this unsuspecting innocent whose only fault was loving me too well—I need not describe the horrors of her feelings, her indignation, & finally pity, when she first perceived in the smallest degree the tendency of my constant attention and vows to her. Her conduct was such as to put me immediately on my guard and it was a long time after using every art to deceive her as to my real ideas, after affecting a most sincere contrition and reformation in my principles and manners, and after swearing before the throne of Almighty God to marry her shortly, than in evil hour, when she was overcome with the insanity of her love and the fond hope of saving me from destruction that my attempt succeeded and I enjoyed the extent of my happiness. For some little while had all the bliss which the possession of such an object could impart. Trembling and overwhelmed at her situation it was not long before she earnestly demanded the completion of my engagements, and it was only the

she had
tention.

When
found t
the fee
spurned
duct bec
al parent
need of
abandon
but being
vity, I
my trans
reflection
be irrecla
down wit
which he
America,
him. Th
lia retired
could lea
serving h
him at ti
had been
to me.

Being a
discovered
ed friends
What was
life when
norant of
ence. In
profession
felt indign
tradesmen,
I neglected
an enormo
said under
to labour—
I considere
were made
comparative
equalized an
state of soc
which has
a few miser
mind was al
ation—agon
alienation d

she had the smallest conception of my hypocrisy and intention.

When informed that matrimony was my abhorrence and found that she was lost forever, it is impossible to express the feelings which harassed her distracted mind. She spurned me with horror from her presence and my conduct became soon exposed to the knowledge of our mutual parents and connections. It was then I found I had need of all my philosophy and resolution. I must either abandon my present rules of conduct or abide by them; but being still blinded and sunk lower than ever in depravity, I set the world at defiance, I did not disturb my tranquility by unreasonable apprehensions or corroding reflections. My father finding me what he considered to be irreclaimable, abandoned me forever, and being worn down with grief and despair, he shunned the country, in which he had seen so little happiness and departed for America, since which time I have never heard of or from him. The peaceful sod covered my mother—and my Julia retired into a remote part of the country, I never could learn whither. She had a brother who was then serving his country in arms in India. I thought of him at times with anxiety and dreaded his return. He had been my school-fellow and was always much attached to me.

Being abandoned by my father and his friends I soon discovered that I was poor and destitute—My enlightened friends were mostly as miserably situated as myself. What was to be done? I had barely attained the time of life when a profession is embraced, and of course was ignorant of any honest mode of independency, or subsistence. Indeed I felt such a contempt for every kind of profession that no great regret accrued on that score. I felt indignant at my situation. I was in the power of my tradesmen, and was threatened hard by my landlord, if I neglected to pay his bill. True, thought I, poverty is an enormous evil. He that is born to poverty, may be said under another name to be born a slave. I cannot bear to labour—my pride and sense of justice revolted at it. I considered that if all the members of the community were made equally to labour, my quantum would be comparatively small—Our situations would be more equalized and none need repine. In the present absurd state of society, I must either starve or lead that life which has the privation of every pleasure and labour for a few miserable years in a barely vegetative state. My mind was almost frenzied—Distracted at my present situation—agonized at the loss of my Julia—shocked at the alienation of my father, I was any thing but happy. I

determined to destroy myself—and rid my mind of a load which pressed me to the earth. Suicide was no harm in itself—it was a mere matter of calculation whether in any instance, the recourse to a voluntary death could over-balance the usefulness to be exerted in twenty years of additional life. In making the estimate however, I leaned to the side of safety and utility—and consoled myself with the idea that though Mary had attempted suicide she had not succeeded in the act.

In evil hours, after suffering for a few years all the complicated distresses of poverty and contumely, subsisting in gaming houses and upon the donations of those who were tired of calling themselves my friends. I attempted to justify to my conscience the propriety of taking from him who had too much, and thereby restore some of that equilibrium with which we all started. Upon weighing the matter deliberately, I actually reasoned myself into the belief that it would be a meritorious and useful act, to ease the ^{luxurious} and profuse spendthrift of some of his superfluous wealth. He has insulted my feelings and the poor man's by an ostentatious display of what we have not, and I will rather take from him than the miserly and avaricious, because though rich they observe some equality of living and manners in society.

I had been much in the habit of associating with a young man of high rank and overgrown fortune, who most probably found that the laxity of my principles was useful to him. At his house I was frequently admitted, though by no means at those times when his most respectable society was there. Our plans were frequently laid in his library, where I often went without ceremony or restraint as to his private levée room. One morning after I had entered, I found he was not there and had, apparently in his haste to leave the room, left his purse on the table. Heavens how my heart panted at the sight! The horrors of a prison were staring me in the face; the owner could easily spare the money, and opportunity winked on my design. Unfortunately I pocketed the purse and was departing in haste; but had scarcely reached the door, when it opened and my friend appeared as if in a great hurry. Excuse me said he, before I speak to you; I want to recover something and just inadvertently left on the table—

His countenance soon indicated his suspicions, and the novelty of my situation threw me so entirely off my guard, that my abashed appearance confirmed the opinion he had formed. Your life is in my power said he—you have violated both the laws of hospitality and the laws of your country—a severe punishment would await you, but I will have compassion upon your errors and provided you quit

the kingdom immediately I will keep this matter a profound secret.

I was thankful for the indulgence, though I felt as if life was indifferent to me. I departed and shortly after embarked for America. During the voyage I had leisure to reflect upon the consequences of my past life. I found I had disgraced myself for ever in the eyes of the world and was in a manner an outcast from society. I could trace my whole conduct to the early depravity of a youthful mind relaxed by partial and confused applications of a general theory, and perceived that though originally my intentions were good, yet by a gradual familiarity with opinions that my mind had not sufficient maturity and vigour to digest, it had insensibly become accustomed to things against which it would have revolted at the origin of my corruption. I found that right or wrong, happiness had not crowned my deviations from the old beaten path of common notions, of common sense and ideas of right.

As soon therefore as I had landed, I determined to seek my father, and throw myself upon his goodness and natural affection. Where to find him I knew not. I concluded he had avoided society and retired into the interior. I lost no time in making inquiry but was always defeated with ill success. A wretched and unhappy wanderer about the streets of one of the populous cities of this country, I chanced one day to meet a person whose recollection rushed upon me like an electric shock. I recognised in the features of the stranger, the brother of the unfortunate Julia, who was not long in discovering through my haggard countenance and shabby appearance, the violator of his sister's honour. Rage instantly took possession of his eyes, which darted all their fierceness upon me, and he addressed me with the most disgraceful epithets. Suffice it to say, a meeting was concluded upon; which, that it might be conclusive to one or other of us, was fixed to take place upon the boundaries of an adjoining state in a retired situation: what the result was you already know. I can only say that my intentions were not to add to my others crimes, that of murder, and that I went to the combat with a sincere wish that I might not survive it. Since it has produced the long wished for society of my father, who I hope will forgive all my aberrations, what has happened is not to be regretted.

Delighted at the return of a prodigal son, and pleased at the mutual happiness likely to be the result, I took my departure, and when I returned, committed the whole of these interesting occurrences to paper with a view of making my visit subservient to the satisfaction as well as benefit of my readers.

Mr. Easy,

I beg you will do me the favour to insert the following in your literary journal; it is the declaration of *H. M. C. M. the king of France and Navarre*. I am not ignorant, that your paper is entirely devoted to literature; but all political sentiments out of the question, this declaration of Louis the XVIII is, and ever must be considered, as a master piece of style; and it is in this point of view, alone, that I request its insertion in the Companion. I guarantee its authenticity: all those persons, who have been acquainted with this prince, know that he writes his language with more purity than any man in France, and that he is the most lettered prince of Europe.

A. E. V.

DECLARATION OF LOUIS XVIII,

KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

LOUIS, by the grace of God, king of France and Navarre, to all our subjects salutation.

When called to the succession of the bloody heritage of our fathers, we yielded at once to the warm emotions of our heart, in expressing to you our affection, and the claim of our duty, in exposing to you the views and the intentions of your king.

At Dillingen a cowardly emissary of your tyrants dared to raise his paracidal arm against us (1). From the spot newly stained with our blood, we addressed you; and foreseeing but too surely, that our life would be unceasingly pursued, by the plots, the machinations, the blind rage of the wicked, we entered into a solemn engagement, invoking the all-powerful God, and imploring the return of his mercy upon France, that we would in despite of snares and assassins, invariably move steadily on, towards the great end of our labours.

Our agents in the interior, too soon became victims, to their devotion, their zeal for our cause; the instructions they had received from us were made public, and you saw in them, as well as in our address to the French nation, that we breathed only clemency and moderation.

And now, unsupported by those powers, who had taken up arms against the revolutionary hydra, and governing ourselves by the councils of that one (2), which had been ouregis, whose glorious standards were unfurled for the salvation of France, foreseeing no termination to the proscriptions, the robberies, the corruptions, but in the very excess of these horrors, it remained only for us, overwhelmed with the woes of our country, to groan over her and silently watch the the retrograde steps, to which a dreadful experience would guide her, and to regulate our conduct by the progressive changes of opinion.

The fall of the directory, appeared to prepare that of the devastating code, which this contemptible government had inherited from that which had preceded it. Already new instructions emanated from us, which assured to the French nation, the fruit of our solicitude, and our reflections upon the unheard of calamities, into which the frenzy of rebellion had plunged them. They were no longer entirely in the principles and views of our declaration of 1795. At this memorable period, every thing seemed to point out to us as our duty, to hold more closely to ancient maxims, in taking as our beacon, the immortal testament of the king, our sovereign & brother. Doubtless the same intentions directed our efforts; their object was, and ever will be, the liberty of the people, and the independence of the monarch which is the first element of liberty; but so many years of anarchy and confusion has imposed upon us the necessity of modifying our ideas, upon the means of restoring order, and of seeking materials from amidst the ruins, proper for the reconstruction of the edifice.

We declared relative to the judiciary and administrative orders:—
“The division of France, the administration of departments, districts and municipalities, the instructions concerning the police, and the authenticity of acts, the tribunals charged with rendering justice, shall be provisionally continued, the judges &c. &c. filling their functions in my name, and taking oaths of fidelity to me.”

“The persons at present employed, in the administrative or judiciary orders, shall retain their employments; those only excepted, whom the public voice shall declare unworthy; the vacant places shall be given to those most capable of filling them, and principally to such as shall

(1) In allusion to the attempt made by an unknown assassin to murder the king; he fired at him, and the ball struck and left a mark in the forehead of the prince.

(2) Russia.

have already

With reg

Tranqu

being to pr

means most

of us all, I h

views of the

to the end th

general wish

Respectin

I have

fiction of a

Repeat

offences, the

in favour ev

And in

the effect of

prosecution

ception alone

against such

We then s

In deplor

I have not se

to these gene

contribute to

monarchy, th

zeal in favor

shall obtain

warlike nation

the French m

nobility, I sh

whom honour

gulations whi

been forgotten

the monarchy

touched at a

illustrate her

Frenchmen

ceived, and v

aces of divin

tunes, yet we

that animated

shall reign ove

ting those plan

formed for you

But whilst

turned toward

tune, who had

ing how to di

might have re

ture ages. W

perishable glo

which would h

of France. I sa

but me, be canno

To have unde

reply of the s

your Father.

spend the thron

dies.

Thus seekin

same time, the

pared the iron

Three years

the weariness

a veil which ha

acquitted himse

his king; blind

our rights, in d

soon made publi

phews, and all t

Deceived in t

have already distinguished themselves, by their probity and knowledge."

With regard to the estates usurped under the title of national property: Tranquillize the present possessors; tell them that my intentions being to provide with regard to the property said to be national, the means most likely to conciliate and guarantee the rights and interests of us all, I have enjoined you to collect and transmit to me, the ideas and views of the most enlightened and virtuous men on this important point, to the end that I may adopt a conduct most conformable to the real and general wishes of the nation."

Respecting crimes and offences: "I have promised and you will guarantee to my subjects that the publication of a general amnesty, shall announce my return."

Repeat to all, that if my own heart inclines me to indulgence towards offences, the good of the state, this supreme law, solicits my clemency, in favour even of crimes."

"And in the apprehension that an inconsiderate zeal, should prevent the effect of these dispositions, my will is, that the tribunals abstain from prosecution of offences and crimes relative to the revolution, with the exception alone of those measures and securities, it may be wise to adopt, against such as continue rebellious."

We then said with regard to the military:

"In deploring the errors into which the army has of necessity fallen, I have not seen without exultation its valour in the field. I shall continue to those generals, officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers, who will contribute to the good of the state in aiding the re-establishment of the monarchy, their rank, pay and appointments. Those who signalize their zeal in favour of my cause, inseparable from the interests of my people, shall obtain rewards proportionate to their services. King of a free and warlike nation, and feeling in my soul, that just consideration, which the French mind attaches to the profession of arms, the true origin of nobility, I shall abolish those laws which drag under our standards, those whom honour and love of country ought alone to guide, as well as those regulations which were made in an improvident time, when it seemed to have been forgotten, that amidst the Condé's the Turenne's the Luxembourg's, the monarchy had produced Faberts, Catinat's, Cheverts, and that France touched at a period, when she would give birth to heroes not less fit to illustrate her arms."

Frenchmen! this is the counter-revolution, which your king has conceived, and which sooner or later must be consummated, for if the decrees of divine providence, have not destined us to repair your misfortunes, yet we shall descend into the tomb with this consoling reflection, that animated by the same love we bear our people, he amongst us, who shall reign over you will call forth your blessings on our memory, by executing those plans, which in the bosom of the most adverse fortune, we have formed for your prosperity.

But whilst anxiously watching over your interests, our eyes naturally turned towards the man, so eminently distinguished by victory and fortune, who had just taken possession of the authority; this man, in knowing how to disdain the fruit of the odious crimes of his predecessors, might have reaped the benedictions of France and the admiration of future ages. We spoke to him, we invited him to partake with us the imperishable glory of fixing your destinies: we told him with a candour which would have touched a great and generous soul. *We may assure the fate of France. I say we, because for this end Buonaparte is necessary to me, and without me, he cannot do it.*

To have understood this language, he must have been a Frenchman. The reply of the stranger was negative, it was crafty; he dared to say to your Father. *Renounce your rights, posterity will requite you for it. To ascend the throne, you would have to tread over a hundred thousand dead bodies.*

Thus seeking to seduce you, by an affected solicitude, spreading at the same time, the most infamous calumnies of us and our adherents, he prepared the iron yoke which he was very soon to lay upon your necks.

Three years however had elapsed, proud of having forced a peace from the weariness of the powers who opposed him; no longer able to support a veil which had already ceased to conceal his projects; believing that he acquitted himself towards you, in making an insolent offer of kindness to his king; blinded in short by pride, we saw him suddenly do homage to our rights, in daring to propose to us to sell them. Our reply was very soon made public; and you are not ignorant, that our brother, our nephews, and all the princes of our blood, adhere to our unshaken constancy.

Deceived in his expectation, ashamed of having paid for the ashes of

St. Domingo with a hundred thousand victims, and of having prepared with his own perfidious hands the massacre of our unfortunate planters; exasperated by the useless efforts which he made in a ruinous struggle, to bring you into subjection to his invariable system of usurpation, he determined to display a dreadful signal of terror, by steeping in the most precious blood of the people and the king, the diadem, with which he was determined at any price to encircle his brows.

It is thus, that trampling on the most sacred law of nations, and those principles even of pretended liberty, of which he and his faction had been the most fiery champions, he founded a despotism, and this ephemeral throne, around which you see opposing interests agitated, without a hope of attaining that repose to which you aspire, nor those inestimable advantages which you have lost, in losing the tutelary and durable authority, the only one which can henceforth assure your prosperity, serve as an example and a centre, to a generous concurrence of sentiments and wishes, in short, command those sacrifices, which the country requires to fix the happiness and cement the re-union of all. And do you not see the very persons eager to support the stranger to-day at the summit of power, who overthrew the tutelar authority and trod it in the dust? who will dare to succeed him? In whatever way his turbulent career shall terminate, must this ponderous crown, weighing on some weak and ignoble head, devoted to contempt or death, drag down with it and destroy, the already regenerating branches of the ancient monarchy, and leave it again the prey of the first adventurer who shall dare to seize it? you hear incessantly, that shocks and rendings, and sudden and grievous changes would infallibly follow our return. They dare to tell you that we cannot recover the throne, without spreading desolation over your habitations and shedding torrents of blood.

Frenchmen! we appeal to yourselves; are these terrors your own? can you doubt the heart of your king, the engagements taken both by himself and his relations, in the face of Europe? the brother of Louis the 16th carry desolation with him! tread over your dead bodies!!! Is it then you or his usurpation that Buonaparte would defend, in endeavouring to load us with horror and detestation? see what are the gifts he bestows upon you: state prisons, transportation, public and clandestine murder, conscription, heavy and overwhelming taxes, your commerce destroyed. All free, open, and friendly communication with you, rendered impossible; you are a perpetual source of terror to your neighbours, constantly exciting against yourselves, hatred and vengeance, a system of perfidy, violence, unlimited ambition, unbridled arrogance, involves you in perpetual wars, whose scourge the weariness of contending powers can alone suspend. Wretched people, in the trophies of the tyrant, who oppresses you, do you not behold the effects of divine wrath? ah! why cannot your father himself exhaust its strokes! ah! interrogate your necessities, the security of your families, the dignity of the French name: consider well, could a house that emancipated the commons, conceive the project of enslaving you? Is it preferable for the re-establishment of morals, that crimes should remain unpunished or that they should be forgiven; in short judge if the French nation can long blush under the yoke of these ostentatious Corsicans, gorged with her substance, and whose chief, in contempt of religion, commands adulation, even from the ministers of the altars; or if resuming the course of her happy destiny, France is again to flourish under the ancient and religious tree, who in covering her with its shade, has furnished two hundred kings to Europe.

Frenchmen! From the bosom of the Baltic, in the face and under the protection of heaven, strong in the presence of our brother, of the duke D'Angouleme our nephew and in the assent of all the princes of our blood, who all participate in our principles, and are penetrated with the same sentiments which animate us, attesting the royal victims, and those which fidelity, honour, piety, innocence, patriotism, have offered to revolutionary fury, or the thirst and bloody jealousy of tyrants; invoking the manes of the young hero (1), which the hands of the impious have just torn from his country, and from glory; offering to our people as a pledge of reconciliation the virtues of the consoling angel (2), whom providence has tho't fit to expose to new adversities in rescuing her from chains and the scaffold, that she might be to us a great example; we swear it, never will we break the sacred tie, which unites us inseparably to your destinies, your families, your hearts, your consciences. Never will we stipulate for the inheritance of our fathers; never will we abandon our

(1) The duke of Enghien.

(2) The duchess of Angouleme, daughter to Louis the XVI.

rights. Frenchmen! we take as a witness to this oath, the God of St. Louis, *te subo iudges justice*

Given the second day of December, the year of grace 1804, and the tenth of our reign.

(Signed) LOUIS.

AL. AUG. TALLEYRAND PERIGORD,
Archbishop, Duke of Rheims. (S)

THE COUNT OF AVARY.

A. E. V.

(3) This respectable prelate must not be mistaken for the ci-devant bishop of Autun.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Amidst a variety of excellent publications received lately at the Baltimore Library, we remark Miss Hamilton's "Memoirs of Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus"—a work which cannot but be perused by every reader of taste with pleasure and advantage. It unites at once the utile and the dulce. It instructs while it amuses; and we would warmly recommend it to general attention. In confirmation of our opinion we give that of an able English Reviewer.

Who has not felt an interest in the destiny of Agrippina, the grand-daughter of Augustus, the wife of Germanicus, long the idol of Rome, and finally the victim of a flagitious tyrant, still pre-eminent by his atrocities in the list of criminals, and in the annals of infamy? The claims of Agrippina on the mind and heart are such as will be recognized by the most remote posterity:—she has received a charter of immortality from the most eloquent of historians: and what pen shall dare remind us that Tacitus once lived, and wrote as none may ever write again? Such were the strictures we were ready to apply to the present work, and such the impressions we had received from its title-page. All our classical prejudices were alarmed; and, with more zeal than charity, we opened the book with almost a determination to stigmatize with obloquy the unhallowed union of biography and romance, and to subject to the rigorous canons of criticism every aberration from the good old doctrines of correct taste. We began to read: and so fallacious is the evidence of a title-page, we soon forgot our resolutions and our censures; and in contemplating the interesting age of Augustus and Tiberius, lost all consciousness of our critical existence. For this fascination we have discovered an adequate cause in the exquisite judgment with which the historical outline of Agrippina is filled up by the delicate touches of the biographic pencil.

In the selection and arrangement of her materials, the author has, without the aid of fiction, contrived to invest her page with the charm of novelty. She has animated every scene and rendered us intimate with the characters

before us. We continued to read; and finally closed the book with the conviction, that genius is always original, whether its subject be old or new.

The object of this work is thus developed in the author's preface:

"To point out the advantages which are to be derived from paying some attention to the nature of the human mind in the education of youth, was the object of a former work: the author's aim in the present is, to give such an illustration of the principles that were then unfolded, as may render them more extensively useful. In the task of instructing others, many are indeed concerned; but the duties of self-instruction and self-government are imposed on all. Such a knowledge of the human mind as is to be obtained from observation and experience, appears to be placed within the reach of every one capable of reflection; and this reflection it is the aim of every moralist to excite, when he reasons upon the consequences of vice and virtue. But to those who wish to obtain a knowledge of their own hearts, and are anxiously solicitous for their improvement, something more than general observations is requisite. In order to the government of the passions, it is necessary to be acquainted with their origin and progress;—a species of knowledge to be derived, not so much from a view of their consequences, as from an accurate observation of their gradual developement. In pursuing this inquiry, we ought not to be discouraged at finding it more complex than we at first view apprehended. The metaphysician may, indeed, separate the passions from each other, as the experimental philosopher separates the rays of light by the prism, and represents each singly to our view in one uniform colour. But in human character it is not thus that the passions are found to appear: every passion, even that which predominates, is there seen blended with those which gave it birth, and with the passions and affections to which it has affinity; and it is by observing these affinities that we are enabled to pronounce on the good or evil tendency of any particular passion."

Faithful to the plan which is here delineated, Miss Hamilton has given, in these interesting memoirs, not a dry synopsis of facts and dates, collated from the annals of a most eventful period, but a philosophical elucidation of the Roman character,—a bold and impressive portraiture of the Augustan age. In the history of particular personages, she has written the history of the passions, the principles, the prejudices, to whose dominion they were subject; a dominion, unhappily for man, perpetuated through all the revolutions of time and fate;—the extinction of rival nations, the subversion of omnipotent empire, the de-

cline of sy
the expositio
but an illust
the various
opinion, fro
it is suscept
racter of the
mour to the
not refuse, ou
owing passa
favourite pol
be protected
"Inlosin
mating prin
stence. W
igid simplici
d by the w
ould have i
ion of their
revalence of
enetration
new that lux
h; and tha
ratifications
public good
increased pro
at desire of
rn to his o
as not cou
ill not evinc
onsidered all
eable to restr
andard of li
rent, his car
offigate wh
y, had squ
amber was
e factious sp
The fortun
oph of Cæsa
fish and s
tempt of
posed. "R
ot die a viol
gorous and i
ur of her di
ath of Cæsa
of Brutus
ort and conv
ty had fled

cline of systems, and the dissolution of ages. It is not the exposition of a biographical chart that is thus exhibited, but an illustration of the great map of human nature, under the various moral gradations of which, from custom and opinion, from complexional habits and popular sentiments, it is susceptible. The preliminary chapter, on the character of the Romans, is rich in reflection, and does honour to the discriminative powers of the writer. We cannot refuse ourselves the satisfaction of transcribing the following passage, in which Miss H. forcibly illustrates her favourite political axiom, that the altar of Liberty can only be protected by the arms of virtue:

"In losing public spirit, the Romans lost the sole animating principle on which their virtues depended for existence. While the love of virtue was supported by a rigid simplicity of manners, the talents of Cæsar, seconded by the wealth of Crassus, and the power of Pompey, would have in vain attempted to overthrow the constitution of their country; but the change of manners, and the prevalence of vice, rendered it an easy enterprize. The penetration of Cæsar discovered the vulnerable part: he knew that luxury is prodigal, and that prodigality is selfish; and that selfishness scruples not to purchase the low gratifications of depraved appetite at the expence of the public good; he, therefore, by his example of profusion, increased prodigality, encouraged luxury, and promoted that desire of selfish gratification, which he knew how to turn to his own advantage. Judging that the man who has not courage to combat his own vicious inclinations, will not evince much constancy in the cause of freedom, he considered all in whom the spirit of independance was too feeble to restrain the love of pleasure, as deserters from the standard of liberty. His expectation was justified by the event, his camp became the asylum of every distinguished profligate who, in scenes of giddy riot or ostentatious luxury, had squandered the fortunes of his ancestors. The number was formidable:—by the levity of idleness, and the factious spirit of discontent, it was every day increased. The fortunes of Cæsar prevailed; but, in fact, the triumph of Cæsar was nothing more than the triumph of the selfish and sensual passions over those restraints which a contempt of riches, and love of national glory, had once imposed. "Roman liberty," adds Miss H. eloquently, "did not die a violent but a natural death. In vain did a few vigorous and independant minds endeavour to protract the hour of her dissolution; in vain did they hope from the death of Cæsar a restoration of her existence:—the dagger of Brutus might, like the galvanic shock, produce a start and convulsive motion, but the animating soul of Liberty had fled for ever!"

[Conclusion next week.]

FOR THE COMPANION.

City of Washington, June 27, 1806.

The enclosed very curious and interesting paper was received from the hands of a distinguished revolutionary patriot, now alive, and high in the public honour and confidence. He came to the possession of it, prior to the year 1776, and has seen verified all its predictions, save the last, which is limited to take effect on or before the year 1824. A sense of delicacy reserves the name of the distinguished patriot alluded to. In the state of New-York irrefragable proofs exist of the age and authenticity of this singular production, and it is now submitted through the Companion to those reflections which it is so strongly calculated to excite.

A. B.

PAPER REFERRED TO.

PROPHECY.

New-York, June 12, 1765.

Rest paper, silent in this antic chest,
And with thee, thy contents in slumbers rest;
Till known from truth, oraculous if penn'd,
Events shall speak, and actions crown the end.
Yet in nine years before thy sleeping eyes,
Fierce wars, and war's wild-rumours shall arise,
The younger growth the elder shall withstand,
And plant new banneres in thy native land.
Yet in ten years an empire shall divide,
No vet'ran power shall stem the opening tide;
Nor in the breach shall mediator stand,
But those whose hostile force shall heal the land.
Nor civil, nor religiously free,
Within themselves despotic crown shall be;
Through policy of power and interest join'd,
Protectors of the rights of human kind.
In four ten years the empire of the sea
To other sceptres shall translated be:
The realm be rear'd in silence, drops her claim
And leaves her charge to freedom and to fame.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

On mature consideration we cannot give insertion to the piece with the signature of "A LAYMAN;" however much we may approve of many of the sentiments it contains, it might be by some considered as personal, consequently publishing it, would be a violation of the plan to which we have resolved rigidly to adhere.

We are much indebted to A. E. V. for his translation of the declaration of Louis XVIII. which, as a fine piece of composition we have accepted and given publication. At the same time, having seen the original, we cannot but regret that much of its eloquence and beauty is lost in the translation, although it still preserves enough of both to give much pleasure to readers who admire that style of writing.

SELECTED POETRY.

Having received no original poetry this week, we think we cannot present our readers, with any thing more acceptable than a continuation of the Odes of Horace, translated by Mr. Wakefield.

ODE IV.

See from yon plains the vernal gale
Loose Tyrant Winter's icy chain !
Bids the bold sailor spread the sail,
And trust his vessel to the main.

The ploughman quits his wintry fire,
To flow'ry meads the flocks are led ;
Gay spring displays her rich attire,
Where frost his hoary mantle spread.

Lo ! Venus leads the sprightly dance,
The nymphs and graces circling meet ;
And, thwart the moon's pale lustre, glance,
To cadence brisk their twinkling feet.

Jove's arms, for summer's sultry glow,
The lab'ring sons of Ætna tire :
The thunder reddens from each blow,
The lightning quickens with fresh fire.

Our brow let myrtle wreaths enclose ;
Cull every variegated flower,
That Zephyr scatters as he goes,
That Flora suckles in her bower.

For Faunus light the sacred fire,
Wide-streaming thro' th' umbrageous wood ;
For him the spotless lamb expire,
Or flow the kid's more welcome blood.

Death hastes with equal speed to all ;
His strides, by no distinctions led,
Climb the proud monarch's pompous hall,
Nor pass the rustic's straw-built shed.

Let no fond hopes, my friend ! beguile
Thine eyes from life's contracted span ;
Nor, sooth'd by Fortune's flattering smile,
Deem long the longest date of man.

Thy trembling soul must wing her flight
To Pluto's dull and dreary shore,
To shades of ever-during night ;
And feast and dalliance be no more !

No beams of dawning day will cheer
That bourn's impenetrable gloom ;
No spring relieve th' unvarying year,
Th' eternal winter of the tomb !

TO AGRIPPA.

ODE VI.

In strains majestic, Varius, bard sublime !
The glories of thy conquering arm shall sing,
Thy feats on every wave, in every clime,
Borne on the plumes of the Mæonian wing.

These high exploits, or fierce Achilles' rage,
Daunt the faint warbling of my feeble lyre ;
Daunt the long labours of the pilgrim-sage :
Far humbler themes my humbler muse inspire.

She, all unconscious of th' enraptured lays,
That swell the loudly-sounding strings along,
Nor thine presumes, nor Cæsar's peerless praise,
With genius cold and unimpassion'd song.

What bard shall paint, unblest'd with Homer's strains,
In mail of adamant the son of Jove ?
Merion, embrown'd with dust on Trojan plains ?
Tydides, rival to the powers above ?

Convivial joys my sportive muse requires,
The ravish'd kiss, the virgin's playful strife ;
While, now at ease, now scorcht with amorous fire,
Transition sweet ! glides on my chequer'd life.

ODE IX.

See, how Soractes' crown of woods
Bows with the spangled loads of snow !
Enthrall'd by winter's chain, the floods
Forget to murmur and to flow.

Come, let our hearth, far-blazing, frigh
Chill Boreas and his crew away :
Bring, boy ! my daintiest stores to light,
And cheer with wine our social day.

The rest be yours, ye powers above !
Ye smooth fierce ocean's foaming bed :
Rude winds are hush'd ; no poplars move,
No rustling cypress waves the head.

Forbid the future care to lower,
Thy balance of affections even ;
And grateful deem each added hour
A kindness undeserved by heav'n.

Unsilver'd still thy locks remain,
Still thy light limbs with vigour move :
Join in brisk dance the nymph and swain,
And yeld thy melting soul to love.

With frolic mirth regale thy prime ;
The glade, the bower, thy steps invite
Drop, faithful to thy charmer's time,
Love's whispers in the ear of night ;

When bursts of studied laughter prove,
Where the sly wantons lurking stand ;
When thy warm grasp the pledge of love
Tears from the coyly-willing hand.